

DungeonTale

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Summary: A long time ago, there were two races: the humans and the PokÃ©mon. One day, the humans declared war on the PokÃ©mon and were proven victorious. They sealed the PokÃ©mon in a far away world with a magic spell. Many years later, a human wakes up in the world of PokÃ©mon...with changes. *Title may change*

DungeonTale

Prologue:

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><p>It was bitterly cold, with harsh, icy winds that bit across their almost blue skin. They shivered, bringing their striped sweater closer to their body in a fruitless attempt to scavenge some form of warmth.</p>

Almost worse than everything was the silence, a pounding echo that spanned across the entire peak. Nothing dared to live in such harsh conditions, nor human or animal would be able to withstand it. It was honestly a mystery of how they had gotten so far already.

Messy tears stuck to their face, ones that were soon frozen solid to their cheek within only seconds. Despite that, they squinted gingerly, trying to peer through the roaring blizzard. Any light, anything that could hint them off where to go.

A peak, a shadow looming in the distance, a hole engraved into it. A cave! They stumbled through the snow, trying to scale up the more ragged ledges to reach it. Every step burned through their legs, like they were lifting lead with every inch they made. But no matter what, they had to keep going.

Suddenly, there was a jerk and a sharp pain shot up through their ankle as they were met with a mouthful of powdery snow. Their foot

had caught onto something, and had forced itself free.

They forced themselves up, carefully testing the foot that had given out. No breaks, hopefully. But they could feel it swelling rapidly. Twisted then. Of course. A soft sigh fluttered out of their chest, with the few breaths they had. A rare burst of self-pity threatened to spill in, but they stubbornly withheld it. No, there was no turning back. They would get up there if they had to crawl.

Their eye caught onto something, barely visible through the dusk. A loose branch. Perfect. They stretched their arm forward and latched onto it before forcing themselves up, using it as a support.

And so they continued, hobbling awkwardly and leaning on the stick. Come on, come on!"

A coughing fit rose and they stumbled over, trying to force air into their lungs.

Three steps.

Their numb fingers held onto the stick tightly as they pressed themselves forward.

Two steps.

Their chest felt like it was on fire, tearing through their lungs. They were so close-!

One step.

And they fell onto the cold stone floor of the cavern. A wave of heat instantly washed through them. Did they make it?

Stairs. Carved through the floor, leading upwards into a fading white light. Silently, they leaned onto the cave's walls for support, stick hanging loosely in their hand. Before anything, they had to catch their breath.

They closed their eyes softly, listening for anything. It wasn't a pressing static like in the blizzard, where even the storm seemed to have been tuned out. But here, it seemed almost comforting? Like a warm blanket that had been thrown over, enveloping them.

Alright. Enough resting. They were almost there.

They kept their arm on the wall for balance, as their body was still shuddering slightly. The stick caught onto every passing step, resonating a dull tapping noise throughout the cave. The staircase seemed to almost never end as they lugged by, their breaths coming in heavy.

Finally, finally, they reached the top. A brilliant light bled through their eyes, reflecting against the golden marbled glass tiled across the ground, ascending upwards. They spun around, taking in the sight of towering pillars stretching to the skies.

Spear Pillar, the very peak of Mt. Cornet.

And at the end of the glittering hall, there was a band of color,

seeming to distort the very air around it.

They walked up to the beam, and rose their hand towards it. Energy crackled forth, almost drawn to them.

Legend says that those who climb Mt. Cornet never return.

They pressed their hand into it, watching as it dissolved into the light. Then their arm, and then spreading to the rest of their body.

Legs, chest, neck, head. In a matter of only seconds, they had been fully enveloped.

And it was only one more second passing and they completely disappeared.

* * *

><p>Welcome!

This is the portal leading to the world of PokÃ©mon.

But before I can let you through, I have to ask you several simple questions.

Ready?

Let's begin!

What is one thing you focus on in life?

â€|

Who do you find easier to trust?

â€|

Interestingâ€|

In a fight, what do you stick to doing?

â€|

Huh. Okay.

What do you believe people are generally like?

â€|

Wow. Alright, let's continue.

With others, how do you generally act?

â€|

Hmâ€|

When working with others, what would you notice first?

â€|

That's interesting...

What do you find to be the most difficult to do?

â€|

Alright.

Now, take my, uh, hand.

Ouchâ€"a little bit less rough maybe?

Anyways, I will be examining your soul color.

A soul is what makes up nearly every living thing, a perpetual force that keeps us thriving onward.

And you, as a human, have the much more powerful side of the trade, enough to even continue to thrive after your body's decay.

Huh? What about ours?

Wellâ€"

Huh?

Oh.

Your soulâ€|

A brilliant red? Heh, I'm not very good with descriptions.

But you seem to be the DETERMINED type.

What does that mean? Well, it means that you have a stubborn knack of holding your ground.

No matter how many times you could get knocked down, no matter what anyone does to you, you continue to move forward.

You never would take 'no' for an answer. You would just keep going, and going, until you've finally succeeded in what you want.

You're diverse, and unchainable. Nothing can hold you back from your own desires.

Well, there is one exception.

When your own hope falters, it all begins to crumble down. You have a stubborn mindset, but at the same time it's also delicately built. A single shred of doubt, fear, it can hold you back from what you want to accomplish.

But that isn't a bad thing. Sometimes, the best way to learn is to figure out how to fall first.

And sometimes, it can even have the opposite effect and fuel your goals further.

So as long as you hold true to your heart, as long as you continue to believe yourself, I believe you can accomplish anything.

â€|wait a minute. That expressionâ€|

You seem confused. You don't understand why I am saying this, don't you?

Well, that's for you to find out.

But anyway, one with such a determined mindset should be none other than an _EEVEE_!

Now, pick your partner. The one who will stick with you through thick and thin. Who shall they be?

â€|

Huh. What a strange choiceâ€|

Well, it's not for me to judge. But now it's time for you go. Jump into the world of PokÃ©mon!

Take risks, take chances, but above all, stay determined!

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I will be seeing you soon.

* * *

><p>Author: Well, this is such a strange, but fitting crossover. I guess anything can be crossed over with Undertale? Anyway, sorry for the rather choppy and messy writing. It's been a while since I wrote stuff, haha.

This is an idea that's been sort of dancing around in my head for a while. Seeing fan art and stuff only fueled it.

_Clearly, the story is beginning to divert from the original main one. This it to fit the PMD games more so both are equally crossed over. _

Who do you think the mysterious quizzer was? It's fairly obvious, so not much of a mystery.

And who is their partner going to be? Hint: It's a character we all know and love :)

_I hope you enjoyed reading this. Other chapters will be longer, but

this was just to set it up._

Make sure to leave your thoughts and opinions. I also would love suggestions and stuff, like what characters should be what PokÃ©mon, etc. I also would appreciate any title suggestions, since the one I'm using right now is rather boring in my opinion.

Be seeing you!

~BlueWorks

End
file.